

THE WEASEL AND THE FLY

By A. M. CHISHOLM

(Continued from yesterday.) "It may not be sinful but it's foolish at your age—which is just as bad returned; the practical point—Amen, Father!—what are we? Instead of more sin, you should be making peace with our souls—in trying to, for I doubt not the sins of all men testify their inability by opportunity. Heaven only, so it's not my business. If the young women are willing that's another story. He should be held moderately and reflected upon."

This marriage will mix us up in all sorts. We will both be fatherless and sons-in-law to each other. That's bad enough. And the girls will be each other's stepmothers and stepdaughters. That's worse. Let's see, where shall we stop? If Hiram sees fit to make the mistake of marrying his wife off to me, then we'll be half-sisters to each other's children. By the Powers! They'll be stepgrandmothers and grandmothers too, and that will make them all motherless too. It's a bad lot, but I suppose it's better than nothing. But,到底! And if we do it without better faith, then we might as well be half-sisters to each other's children. If this is so, we didn't they mix and match to themselves?"

Appalled by the potential complications growing before him, Father Sparrow groped beneath his soutane for his pipe, seized it, grasped it in his strong teeth and struck a match. He snuffed the long-as-a-pipe perspective煙管 through the

drifting smoke. This did not seem at all diverted.

"My boy Christian," said Shingoose in broken English with an intimating smile. He indicated Kitchehimo. "Him big Christian. You make him Christian, now him marrions' mohicans' dimmugood looks."

"At heart," commented Father Sparrow with conviction, "we are heathen and savages, and if it were for me office and the example of the blessed missionary martyrs that the lives of the persecuted unto death. If I just took the Indians off of you, who'd all the good will in life? The saints forgive us!" The souls of us may be precious but our bodies are filthy smelly abominations and temples of lewdness. A Christian marriage ye want?" If I could postpone the ceremony we will postpone it no, but still, so it seems to day. And well then, Shingoose, we shall have to pay coldly. "Please note, sulphur, go to please me children, but I can't more like him, you won't understand."

Shingoose squirmed beside a fire before her father's eyes and altered the contents of a blackened trumpet with a short stick. A bright colored handkerchief bound around her head kept the masses of wavy black hair in some kind of order. As she rose to gather fresh wood, the Indian maiden made a garment of raffia which she wore fastened to conceal the rounded lines of her strong active figure. Her features were regular, and their expression was good-humored, but beneath the good humor on the surface lay a different expression which a physiognomist would have interpreted to mean that Miss Shingoose had a very strong will of her own.

As she placed the fresh wood, her father mounted the steps. Celeste immediately removed the pipe and sat forth again.

Shingoose, without glancing or a smile, began to eat. When he had satisfied his appetite he lit his pipe. Not till then did his daughter venture to address him.

"The fishing," said she innocently, "was not good."

Shingoose shook his head and smiled a mirthless smile. "There are no game here. Besides, the day was over now. Sit down, for I wish to speak with you."

She seated herself obediently, such a command from her father meant a conundrum of importance.

"You are now of an age," said Shingoose, weightily, "to think of marriage. You have been a good daughter and are useful, but I cannot hope to keep you always. Even as the young birds when their wings are grown must leave the nest, so our daughters forsake us for the love of another." He paused and sighed deeply. "Therefore, the time draws near when you and I must part, my daughter."

Celeste bent her head and her cheeks drew red. She thought she knew whether this was tending. She had not misread the expression in the eyes of Ignace Ahnungwud, known to the whites as Ignace Cloud. He had spoken to her father; he had offered the presents which were her pride, because her father had accepted them. Before her, Celeste Shingoose, in new bloom—her dark, dancing black eyes, the good hunter, the fearless, for whom many a girl of their band had spread her net vainly.

"Today," her father continued, "same one seeking you for a wife. He is a good man, and I approve of him. He will pay a good price. I have said that you will marry him."

"I am a dutiful daughter," murmured Celeste, her eyes on the ground. "In all things I obey your wisdom, my father. Who is it that wishes to marry me?"

"A man you know well," responded Shingoose, his crafty eyes gleaming. "A man of wisdom and experience, a good hunter, of an age to temper your youthful feelings, my friend Joseph Kitchehimo."

His daughter's eyes brightened and whitened; the hot blood receded from her dusky cheeks, leaving them pale.

"Joseph Kitchehimo! The longest 'Old' Kitchehimo—old, breeding, fat! He is your joke, my father. He is a good joke. Tell me, Ignace, who is the man?"

"I do not joke," Shingoose replied. "Kitchehimo will make you a good husband. He is not as young as some, but neither is he old. Now, that's myself, and I am a good man."

A man you know well," responded Shingoose, his crafty eyes gleaming. "A man of wisdom and experience, a good hunter, of an age to temper your youthful feelings, my friend Joseph Kitchehimo."

His daughter's eyes brightened and whitened; the hot blood receded from her dusky cheeks, leaving them pale.

"Joseph Kitchehimo! The longest 'Old' Kitchehimo—old, breeding, fat!

He is your joke, my father. He is a good joke. Tell me, Ignace, who is the man?"

"I do not joke," Shingoose replied. "Kitchehimo will make you a good husband. He is not as young as some, but neither is he old. Now, that's myself, and I am a good man."

A man you know well," responded Shingoose, his crafty eyes gleaming. "A man of wisdom and experience, a good hunter, of an age to temper your youthful feelings, my friend Joseph Kitchehimo."

His daughter's eyes brightened and whitened; the hot blood receded from her dusky cheeks, leaving them pale.

"Joseph Kitchehimo! The longest 'Old' Kitchehimo—old, breeding, fat!

He is your joke, my father. He is a good joke. Tell me, Ignace, who is the man?"

"I do not joke," Shingoose replied. "Kitchehimo will make you a good husband. He is not as young as some, but neither is he old. Now, that's myself, and I am a good man."

A man you know well," responded Shingoose, his crafty eyes gleaming. "A man of wisdom and experience, a good hunter, of an age to temper your youthful feelings, my friend Joseph Kitchehimo."

His daughter's eyes brightened and whitened; the hot blood receded from her dusky cheeks, leaving them pale.

"Joseph Kitchehimo! The longest 'Old' Kitchehimo—old, breeding, fat!

He is your joke, my father. He is a good joke. Tell me, Ignace, who is the man?"

"I do not joke," Shingoose replied. "Kitchehimo will make you a good husband. He is not as young as some, but neither is he old. Now, that's myself, and I am a good man."

A man you know well," responded Shingoose, his crafty eyes gleaming. "A man of wisdom and experience, a good hunter, of an age to temper your youthful feelings, my friend Joseph Kitchehimo."

His daughter's eyes brightened and whitened; the hot blood receded from her dusky cheeks, leaving them pale.

"Joseph Kitchehimo! The longest 'Old' Kitchehimo—old, breeding, fat!

He is your joke, my father. He is a good joke. Tell me, Ignace, who is the man?"

"I do not joke," Shingoose replied. "Kitchehimo will make you a good husband. He is not as young as some, but neither is he old. Now, that's myself, and I am a good man."

A man you know well," responded Shingoose, his crafty eyes gleaming. "A man of wisdom and experience, a good hunter, of an age to temper your youthful feelings, my friend Joseph Kitchehimo."

His daughter's eyes brightened and whitened; the hot blood receded from her dusky cheeks, leaving them pale.

"Joseph Kitchehimo! The longest 'Old' Kitchehimo—old, breeding, fat!

He is your joke, my father. He is a good joke. Tell me, Ignace, who is the man?"

"I do not joke," Shingoose replied. "Kitchehimo will make you a good husband. He is not as young as some, but neither is he old. Now, that's myself, and I am a good man."

A man you know well," responded Shingoose, his crafty eyes gleaming. "A man of wisdom and experience, a good hunter, of an age to temper your youthful feelings, my friend Joseph Kitchehimo."

His daughter's eyes brightened and whitened; the hot blood receded from her dusky cheeks, leaving them pale.

"Joseph Kitchehimo! The longest 'Old' Kitchehimo—old, breeding, fat!

He is your joke, my father. He is a good joke. Tell me, Ignace, who is the man?"

"I do not joke," Shingoose replied. "Kitchehimo will make you a good husband. He is not as young as some, but neither is he old. Now, that's myself, and I am a good man."

A man you know well," responded Shingoose, his crafty eyes gleaming. "A man of wisdom and experience, a good hunter, of an age to temper your youthful feelings, my friend Joseph Kitchehimo."

His daughter's eyes brightened and whitened; the hot blood receded from her dusky cheeks, leaving them pale.

"Joseph Kitchehimo! The longest 'Old' Kitchehimo—old, breeding, fat!

He is your joke, my father. He is a good joke. Tell me, Ignace, who is the man?"

"I do not joke," Shingoose replied. "Kitchehimo will make you a good husband. He is not as young as some, but neither is he old. Now, that's myself, and I am a good man."

A man you know well," responded Shingoose, his crafty eyes gleaming. "A man of wisdom and experience, a good hunter, of an age to temper your youthful feelings, my friend Joseph Kitchehimo."

His daughter's eyes brightened and whitened; the hot blood receded from her dusky cheeks, leaving them pale.

"Joseph Kitchehimo! The longest 'Old' Kitchehimo—old, breeding, fat!

He is your joke, my father. He is a good joke. Tell me, Ignace, who is the man?"

"I do not joke," Shingoose replied. "Kitchehimo will make you a good husband. He is not as young as some, but neither is he old. Now, that's myself, and I am a good man."

A man you know well," responded Shingoose, his crafty eyes gleaming. "A man of wisdom and experience, a good hunter, of an age to temper your youthful feelings, my friend Joseph Kitchehimo."

His daughter's eyes brightened and whitened; the hot blood receded from her dusky cheeks, leaving them pale.

"Joseph Kitchehimo! The longest 'Old' Kitchehimo—old, breeding, fat!

He is your joke, my father. He is a good joke. Tell me, Ignace, who is the man?"

"I do not joke," Shingoose replied. "Kitchehimo will make you a good husband. He is not as young as some, but neither is he old. Now, that's myself, and I am a good man."

A man you know well," responded Shingoose, his crafty eyes gleaming. "A man of wisdom and experience, a good hunter, of an age to temper your youthful feelings, my friend Joseph Kitchehimo."

His daughter's eyes brightened and whitened; the hot blood receded from her dusky cheeks, leaving them pale.

"Joseph Kitchehimo! The longest 'Old' Kitchehimo—old, breeding, fat!

He is your joke, my father. He is a good joke. Tell me, Ignace, who is the man?"

"I do not joke," Shingoose replied. "Kitchehimo will make you a good husband. He is not as young as some, but neither is he old. Now, that's myself, and I am a good man."

A man you know well," responded Shingoose, his crafty eyes gleaming. "A man of wisdom and experience, a good hunter, of an age to temper your youthful feelings, my friend Joseph Kitchehimo."

His daughter's eyes brightened and whitened; the hot blood receded from her dusky cheeks, leaving them pale.

"Joseph Kitchehimo! The longest 'Old' Kitchehimo—old, breeding, fat!

He is your joke, my father. He is a good joke. Tell me, Ignace, who is the man?"

"I do not joke," Shingoose replied. "Kitchehimo will make you a good husband. He is not as young as some, but neither is he old. Now, that's myself, and I am a good man."

A man you know well," responded Shingoose, his crafty eyes gleaming. "A man of wisdom and experience, a good hunter, of an age to temper your youthful feelings, my friend Joseph Kitchehimo."

His daughter's eyes brightened and whitened; the hot blood receded from her dusky cheeks, leaving them pale.

"Joseph Kitchehimo! The longest 'Old' Kitchehimo—old, breeding, fat!

He is your joke, my father. He is a good joke. Tell me, Ignace, who is the man?"

"I do not joke," Shingoose replied. "Kitchehimo will make you a good husband. He is not as young as some, but neither is he old. Now, that's myself, and I am a good man."

A man you know well," responded Shingoose, his crafty eyes gleaming. "A man of wisdom and experience, a good hunter, of an age to temper your youthful feelings, my friend Joseph Kitchehimo."

His daughter's eyes brightened and whitened; the hot blood receded from her dusky cheeks, leaving them pale.

"Joseph Kitchehimo! The longest 'Old' Kitchehimo—old, breeding, fat!

He is your joke, my father. He is a good joke. Tell me, Ignace, who is the man?"

"I do not joke," Shingoose replied. "Kitchehimo will make you a good husband. He is not as young as some, but neither is he old. Now, that's myself, and I am a good man."

A man you know well," responded Shingoose, his crafty eyes gleaming. "A man of wisdom and experience, a good hunter, of an age to temper your youthful feelings, my friend Joseph Kitchehimo."

His daughter's eyes brightened and whitened; the hot blood receded from her dusky cheeks, leaving them pale.

"Joseph Kitchehimo! The longest 'Old' Kitchehimo—old, breeding, fat!

He is your joke, my father. He is a good joke. Tell me, Ignace, who is the man?"

"I do not joke," Shingoose replied. "Kitchehimo will make you a good husband. He is not as young as some, but neither is he old. Now, that's myself, and I am a good man."

A man you know well," responded Shingoose, his crafty eyes gleaming. "A man of wisdom and experience, a good hunter, of an age to temper your youthful feelings, my friend Joseph Kitchehimo."

His daughter's eyes brightened and whitened; the hot blood receded from her dusky cheeks, leaving them pale.

"Joseph Kitchehimo! The longest 'Old' Kitchehimo—old, breeding, fat!

He is your joke, my father. He is a good joke. Tell me, Ignace, who is the man?"

"I do not joke," Shingoose replied. "Kitchehimo will make you a good husband. He is not as young as some, but neither is he old. Now, that's myself, and I am a good man."

A man you know well," responded Shingoose, his crafty eyes gleaming. "A man of wisdom and experience, a good hunter, of an age to temper your youthful feelings, my friend Joseph Kitchehimo."

His daughter's eyes brightened and whitened; the hot blood receded from her dusky cheeks, leaving them pale.

"Joseph Kitchehimo! The longest 'Old' Kitchehimo—old, breeding, fat!

He is your joke, my father. He is a good joke. Tell me, Ignace, who is the man?"

"I do not joke," Shingoose replied. "Kitchehimo will make you a good husband. He is not as young as some, but neither is he old. Now, that's myself, and I am a good man."

A man you know well," responded Shingoose, his crafty eyes gleaming. "A man of wisdom and experience, a good hunter, of an age to temper your youthful feelings, my friend Joseph Kitchehimo."

His daughter's eyes brightened and whitened; the hot blood receded from her dusky cheeks, leaving them pale.

"